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kilts are to be issued, you may remember, until after the war, and the Highland regiments are to go to war in battle-dress just like everybody else. Mr. Henderson Stewart wails that this is disastrous. "The kilt is a vital element," he shouts, "in the make-up of the Highland soldier. He will resist bitterly and to the end any attempt to rob him atogether of his traditional garb." This is sheer poppycock. In the last war, when the kilted Highland infantry went into battle they always were happier if they were covered by their own Highland artillery. But the Highlanders in the artillery made no objection about wearing the breeches of the Southerner. Nor did the Highlanders in the Engineers, Cavalry, etc., and, besides, was the kilt really the traditional dress of the Highlander before the eighteenth century?

A RATHER disquieting tale comes from Africa. Fifteen months ago a Swazi chief was condemned to be hanged for being concerned in a case of witchcraft. After he was sentenced he got leave to appeal to the Privy Council, but has not been able to collect enough money to send his appeal to London. In consequence he has been in prison all this time under the death sentence. Surely there is something wrong with this part of our great machine of Justice, which only allows the rich to appeal against sentence.

THE death of Mr. Humbert Wolfe on his fifty-fifth birthday came as a heavy blow to his innumerable friends. While part of the world knew him as an administrator, and another part as a man of letters, his friends thought of him first and foremost as a friend. With all his many activities, he always had time to help anyone who came to him for advice or assistance. "I can easily arrange that for you," he would say airily, waving his long cigarette-holder in the air, and he would then go on to talk about ten thousand other things, so that you could have sworn he had forgotten all about you. But sure enough the matter was quickly and smoothly arranged as he had promised. And as a talker he was unrivalled in this generation.

THERE are two schools of thought in the controversy whether Lord Haw-Haw should be answered every night over our radio. The loftier pundits hold that it would only encourage him, and that he is so contemptible that he is not worth while bothering about. Others, of whom I am one, think that he is doing an increasing amount of harm by his clever mixture of truth, half-truth and downright lie, and that he ought to be answered instantly every time he opens his mouth. It has been established by the Mass Observation people that at least fifty per cent. of listeners follow his Lordship's verbal exploits every night.

I WENT the other night to Sacha Guitry's *Remontons les Champs Elysées*. The film was too long, but, as usual, M. Guitry acted superbly. It is the pictorial story of the making of the most famous street in the world from the days when Louis XIII. cut an avenue through the forest which covered that part of Paris at the time. The most exciting moment in the film is when Napoleon, after Waterloo, takes his last walk down the Champs Elysées, and meets in the darkness the ghost of himself as a Republican General. "If you had the chance," asks the Emperor, "would you begin all over again?" And the Republican General answers, "Not for an Empire."

THE other day I plunged into darkest Hoxton to see if the firm of Benjamin Pollock still existed, and to my delight I found it going as strong as ever. For a hundred years the Pollocks, grandfather, father and son, have made toy theatres, and there is still one of the family to carry on the trade. They are the only makers of toy theatres in the country, and their craftsmanship is as beautiful as ever. Carried away by enthusiasm, I bought myself a theatre and two plays to go with it, *The Blind Boy* and *Timour the Tartar*. It is well worth a journey to the tiny shop at Number 73, Hoxton Street.

IN all the articles about the centenary of Rowland Hill and his penny post I do not see any reference to the classic story of the anonymous genius who solved the greatest problem of cheap postage. After Hill's reform had been accepted, and letters were stamped before they started, the business of separating the stamps from each other on the sheets was irksome and difficult. Hundreds of suggestions were made and, of course, pigeon-holed. At last an official, idly turning over the dusty file, came on a half-sheet of notepaper on which was written, "Punch rows of little holes between them."

William Seeds, arrived home in a week, and Lady Seeds came with and Rumania. He has not had a ment over a year ago, may now be at preceded by a week the publication Franco-Russian negotiations of in Moscow is also home on leave

***The Swiss Minister** took up his post in London last week, is seen here with his wife outside the Legation in Bryanston Square; but is not yet in residence, as he awaits in a hotel his furniture which is on the way from Tokio. Herr Walter Thurnheer's succession to Monsieur Paravicini was announced late last year*

***Viceroy and Maharaja:** Maharaja Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Prime Minister and Supreme C.-in-C. of Nepal, visited Calcutta before Christmas. He and the Viceroy paid each other formal calls, were seen together less formally as here, at Calcutta races. His Highness's visit was a token of the friendship between the exclusive Himalayan state over which towers Everest, and the Governments of Britain and India*

Country Wedding: Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Miss Virginia Dean

Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Bt., Royal Horse Guards, the well-known amateur steeplechase rider, of Folly Farm, Tetbury, Glos., son of the late Sir John Grant Lawson, and Lady Grant Lawson, of Escrick Park, Yorks., married Virginia Dean last week at St. Mary's, Sulhamstead. She is the daughter of Mrs. Northup Dean, of the Old Rectory, Burghfield, Berks.

London Wedding: Mr. Nicholls, Miss Schuster

Arthur Frederick Crane Nicholls, Coldstream Guards, is the only son of the late J. C. Nicholls, and Mrs. Nicholls, of Inchgarth, Bexhill, Sussex. Dorothy Ann Violet Schuster is the younger daughter of Sir Victor Schuster, Bt., and Lady Schuster, of Faircrouch, Wadhurst, Sussex. They were married last week at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

First Night: Miss Benson, Mr. Nichols, Miss Oriel Ross

The Hon. Theodora Benson, Beverley Nichols and Oriel Ross were in the first-night audience for "Behind the Schemes," at the Shaftesbury, one of the not-very-amusing comedies presented to London audiences last week

Mr. Mackintosh, Mrs. Gascoigne, Lord and Lady Kinross

Another quartet of first-nighters at the Shaftesbury were Christopher Mackintosh, athlete and ski international husband of the Duke of Hamilton's elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne, Lord O'Neill's sister, writer-journalist Lord Kinross, and his wife, Angela Culme-Seymour that was

Lending to Defend: Musician, Artist, Actress

This National Savings Information Bureau has been opened in the National Gallery, to incorporate lunchtime concert-goers into one of the 2500 new savings groups. First callers included Myra Hess, organiser of the concerts, who was playing that day, with the Menges Quartet, and with her were artist C. R. W. Nevinson, and actress Margaret Rawlings

Club : Mrs. Eden and Two Canadians

Mrs. Anthony Eden is president of the new All-Services Canteen Club in Upper Grosvenor Street, opened last week. The club, the first of its kind, is for men of all branches of home services and is to be Mrs. Eden's chief wartime interest. A contingent of Canadian soldiers were among the first tea guests

Portrait : Brian Desmond Hurst by Professor Arthur Pan

The Hungarian portrait painter, Professor Arthur Pan, has just added film director Brian Desmond Hurst to his gallery of British celebrities. Mr. Hurst directed the propaganda film, "The Lion Has Wings," is now at work on "Freedom Radio," a film about the illegal German wireless station, with Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard

People

Spanking : Three Actresses

Phyllis smacks Heather while Zena looks on—a touching scene photographed during rehearsal of "Full House." This 1935 Ivor Novello comedy, with Zena and Phyllis Dare and Heather Thatcher in it, goes on tour, starting at Blackpool on Jan. 29th

In Switzerland : the Taubers

Diana Napier and Richard Tauber are in luck. Standing in the deep fresh snow, of which the depth and condition is reported in peacetime all over Europe to anxious winter-sports addicts, they gaze up at the glistening, all-too-empty St. Moritz slopes

In Ireland : a Ball at Clandeboye House

Miss Catherine Stanley, daughter of the new Minister for War, Mr. J. Mackenzie, Prince Henry of Pless and Lady Mary Stewart were at a ball in aid of the war service funds of the Ulster Branch of the Overseas League. It was held at Clandeboye House, Lord and Lady Dufferin's Ulster home. Catherine Stanley's mother, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Lady Mary Stewart are sisters

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

The Arctic War

THAT cold yet warming picture of the swift and waspish Finnish soldiers making ski-rings round their floundering, bewildered, Bolshevist-driven enemy continues to enchant. I wrote before that the Reds cannot fairly be called Russians, because their exploiters are not Russians, and the complete mental and spiritual segregation by them of the Russian masses from the outer world for twenty years has left an incredibly moron-like mob; proof: that these unfortunate troops wandered into Finland along open tracks, like Boy Scouts doing a good deed, expecting to be hailed as deliverers.

Subtleties of Intervention

SURELY a great opportunity may be missed in favour of a pitfall in Finland. This is clear: that if the full Nazi-Bolshevist military alliance exists, to take expression in joint action at a given moment, the Finnish adventure is ground-clearing for that moment. In that case, not only the Bolshevist, but the German plans and time-table have been upset. In that case, again, our interest is to delay them still further, to help the Finns all we can. But, in *that* case, why say so? We should learn from Hitler and Stalin; they showed us how, in Spain; we should give the Finns supplies and munitions, and say nothing about it, or deny it. Why, for limbo's sake, *announce* our help for the Finns?

But that help should be immediate. With it, the whole Nazi-Bolshevist plan might be dislocated. Without it—well, in a few weeks the snows will melt, skis will not avail, and numbers will tell. It is not certain, but it is most probable, that a Bolshevist success in Finland would bring further German and Bolshevist swoops in its immediate trail, even unloose the full German-Bolshevist joint military onslaught which is still our greatest danger, whereas a Bolshevist failure can only upset Nazi plans. Cheaply, at the cost of some supplies and munitions, to spoil those plans is our obvious and urgent move. To think that the Finnish war is an isolated one in a water-tight compartment is to behave as childishly as the Red troops. General Winter is our ally there for a few precious weeks yet.

South of the (War) Border

HUNGARY continues with outstanding skill to shoot the rapids in a very small canoe. A year ago, the chances seemed small that Hitler would not by now have strolled along the open road from Vienna to Budapest. There was a repressed, but rampant, Nazi movement which would have welcomed him; and the peasants, the real hungry 'uns, groaned in landless penury.

Up to the outbreak of war, Hungary stood well enough with Germany and Italy to join with them if they fought together, and she might well have been wise in this. Now that Germany has given her Bolshevy for a neighbour, and Italy is standing back, Hungary is perceptibly leaning in that direction. Italy is already a victor in this war; whether by intervention at the fruitful moment, or by leaning his weight against the conference table, the Roman Umpire, masterly player, will get something for his country. Hungary's Foreign Minister, little Count Stefan Csàky, has now been to Venice and staked Hungary's claim for that great day. From Germany, she received a slice of Slovakia and Ruthenia; from Italy's good offices she hopes for something from Rumania. Hitler, unless his ambition is to eat himself, will not antagonise Italy by swallowing Hungary now, though at one time he could have had that country in a mouthful. For two-small-pairs-well-played, commend me to Hungary. She still keeps Germany sweet by presenting "the biggest ox in Hungary," according to Radio Berlin, to the West Wall troops.

I saw Rumania's monarch blessing-the-waters a year ago, and he, too, seemed likely to be in a tight corner before another year passed. But the hiatus in Finland still saves his country from feeling the threatened southern bite of the pincers.

Führer II.?

I WOULD hazard that only a freakish chance can prevent Göring, before all too many moons, from entering on the succession for which Hitler, wisely, nominated him. He is a regular officer, and stands well with the Army; thus he has not that housepainter-black-mark which came out when Hitler pacted with Bolshevy. He has common bonds (and I mean bonds) with the big-business group which enthroned Hitler to save it from Bolshevism, and is now a thought harassed. He has friends at many courts; indeed, that is a whole chapter to itself. He is popular with the masses. And he has always had a few non-Aryan proteges. All this adds up.

That Ragamuffin Army

I HOPE I may be allowed to survey an incident on the Home Front, the War Minister's resignation, and mention something which I, seemingly alone among the millions in this country, think to speak in favour of it.

The *American Hebrew*, a journal read by millions of American Jews who regard it as their organ, once published an article saying that "three great sons of Israel" would combine, with the aid of the French, British and Russian armies, to send "Hitler to hell." Leon Blum was described as the real master of France, President Lebrun and Prime Minister Daladier as puppets. Litvinoff was "the great Jew who sits at the right of Stalin, the little tin-soldier of Communism." Hore-Belisha was the future inhabitant of 10, Downing Street. Under their guidance victory was to be won; and they were to join in singing a requiem which would sound "suspiciously like" the "Marseillaise," "God Save the King," and the "Internationale," but would ultimately prove to be a triumphant "Eili, Eili!"

In this article the three men were depicted as the representatives of a super-national, international Jewry, and the three armies as its sub-human instrument for the destruction of Anti-Semitism. But the chief thing was this reference to Mr. Hore-Belisha: "This aggressive young man has transformed the British Army from a shaggy, shabby, down-in-the-mouth and round-at-the-heels outfit . . ."

I wonder if the men who are in France to-day, the men who fought all over the world twenty years ago, the descendants of Wellington's and Marlborough's soldiers, recognise themselves?

French decorate English: *celebrating the fourth month of deadlock on the Western Front, the French High Command presented the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to Generals Ironside and Gort behind the chateau which is British G.H.Q. A spectator was Mr. Churchill. (The third figure from left here is General Georges, French Chief of Staff)*

The other war: *these are conditions of the fighting in Finland—conditions of which the tough Finns are taking full advantage. Harassing of defence by aircraft is almost impossible owing to flying conditions and cover provided by forest, while the snow hinders Russian movement but helps the ski-skilled Finns: so that the normal superiority of defence over attack is immeasurably increased. An estimate last week of Russian losses, December 1st to January 7th, was 100,000 killed and wounded, as well as large amounts of material*

***Miss Pauline Gower** has been given administrative charge of the new section, is a well-known woman pilot, ran an air circus in aid of hospitals, has taken up about 30,000 passengers. She is the daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P. for the Gillingham Division of Rochester*

Women in Uniform

Pilots of the Air Transport Auxiliary Service

A logical development of the enlistment of women where possible to release men for front-line jobs is the formation by the Air Ministry of a section of women pilots who will ferry aircraft from factory to aerodrome. The section, which is attached to the Air Transport Auxiliary Service, under British Airways, Ltd., is now in its first month's training in a camp where these pictures were taken. Its members number so far less than half a score

***Nine Pilots** in training met the camera: Miss Gower, Mrs. Crossley, Miss Cunnison, Mrs. Fairweather, Miss Mona Friedlander, Miss Joan Hughes, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Rees, Mrs. Marion Wilberforce*

***Mrs. Winifred Crossley and Miss M. Cunnison** like most of these A.T.A. pilots, have their "A" and "B" certificates, the former has flown 1,800 hours*

***Mrs. G. Patterson, Miss Rosemary Rees and Mrs. Marion Wilberforce** are three more pilots of the A.T.A. At present it is not intended that these women should ferry aircraft to France, but only to storage aerodromes in England*

***The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Fairweather, Miss Mona Friedlander and Miss Joan Hughes** make up the nine. The first is Lord Runciman's eldest daughter*

The Stars You Like the Best

Six 1939 Box Office Winners in Britain, and Three American Counterparts

Britain's Favourites

1. Deanna Durbin

2. Mickey Rooney

3. Shirley Temple

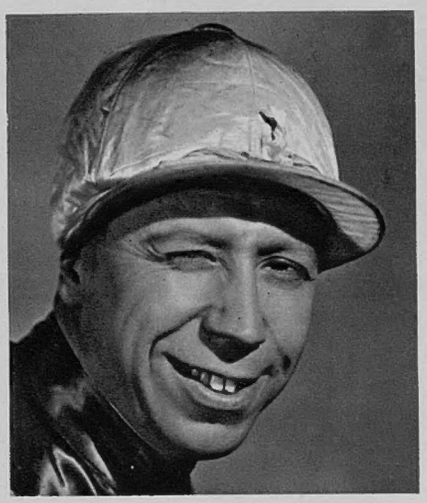
America's Favourites

1. Mickey Rooney

2. Tyrone Power

3. Spencer Tracy

Britain's British Favourites



1. George Formby

2. Gracie Fields

3. Robert Donat

Every year the *Motion Picture Herald* records the opinions of cinema proprietors in America and England as to which are the best money-making stars of the year. Over here apparently we paid most cash in 1939 to see Deanna Durbin, who isn't in the first ten in America. For 1938 Shirley Temple topped both lists; this year she 's third in Britain, fifth in America. There are only three women—Jeanette MacDonald is the third—among Britain's first ten favourites

Mickey Rooney is now America's favourite star, having been their third choice in 1938, and he 's second favourite with us. Tyrone Power was tenth in 1938; his 1939 pictures have hoisted him to second place in U.S. cash-value, replacing Clark Gable, who is now fourth in America and nowhere with us. Spencer Tracy has also improved his U.S. position, from fifth to third. Bette Davis, sixth, Alice Faye, seventh, Sonja Henie, tenth, are other women America likes

Of its home-grown stars Britain likes George Formby best, but not as much as in 1938, when he came second to Shirley Temple out of all performers instead of sixth as now. Gracie Fields and Robert Donat aren't in the first ten in open competition either in America or here. It is interesting that none of these eight stars appears in the films chosen by our critic as the best ten for 1939 ("Bystander," January 10th)

Films of the Day

The March of Time

By George Campbell

BASIL DEAN is a problem. Every time I see a film directed by him, I wonder again how a man with so much intelligence and such dexterity in the theatre can fail so completely to understand the different, but related, art of the screen. It is not merely that his tempo is wrong, that he does not know how to make a moving picture move. There have been plenty of slow films that some of us found enchanting: *La Femme du Boulanger*, for example. No, the trouble goes deeper than that. Mr. Dean simply doesn't know how to make his actors behave like human beings. In the artificial world of the stage, with a gulf between audience and players, he gets away with it. But the camera brings us all into the same room as the characters; we see every flicker of an eye; and naturally we demand that the actors shall behave as they would in real life.

IN 21 *Days*, made rather a long while ago, but only just unveiled, Mr. Dean shows again that this realism is beyond him. The story—adapted by Graham Greene and Mr. Dean from Galsworthy's *The First and the Last*—is essentially theatrical, and the players, with one exception, seemed as bored with it as I was. Laurence Olivier is capable of real brilliance, as he showed in *Wuthering Heights*, but, if not pulled up by the director, he is apt to be irritatingly self-pitying and petulant. Leslie Banks has his own mannerisms—the chiding note of the stage paterfamilias, humourlessness, and an intensity which can be very effective, but loses by being too monotonously sustained. Vivien Leigh does all she is asked to do competently enough, and looks attractive as always, but here again the playing is nearly all on one note, the characterisation is two-dimensional. In a gallery of lay figures—lovable ne'er-do-well, pompous barrister brother, foreign mannequin in love with the ne'er-do-well, etc.—the one outstanding exception is the parson reduced by drink to sleeping in the streets, and in the end to robbing a dead body. The character has life and pathos, and is superbly played by Hay Petrie.

THE only other new film is the January *March of Time*, entitled *Uncle Sam—the Farmer*. Here, if ever, is truth more exciting than fiction. Everyone knows that for years the United States has been faced with a crisis in the primary industries. Newspapers write about floods and fires and famines, over-production and hunger and the burning of surplus stocks; but I doubt if it makes much impression on the public. Here, on the screen, the whole tragic problem takes on life and urgency. You see, as far as the eye can reach, a desert as arid as the Sahara. With a shock of surprise you realise, from a glimpse of the forlorn weatherboard shack and machinery slowly sinking beneath the sand, that this was once a farm. Soil erosion, insect plagues, fires, floods, old-fashioned methods—these are amongst the enemies of American prosperity; and, judging from the film, the Government is putting up a great fight against them all.

The Voice of Time, *heavy and vibrant, belongs to Cornelius Westbrook Van Voorhis, who speaks the "March of Time" commentary. Notes on the history of the series and the latest of its films, "Uncle Sam—the Farmer," are in the article on this page*

HOW many people realise, I wonder, what a remarkable organisation the *March of Time* is? It has been going four years now. The first issues in 1935 played in 417 cinemas. To-day it is shown in 11,000, of which nearly 1300 are in the British Isles. Yet the men behind it are quite unknown to the British public.

It was in Louis de Rochemont's brain that the regular documentary film was born. Not long after the war he attempted a re-enactment of history, calling it the *March of the Years*. It was a flop. In 1923 two other young Americans, Henry R. Luce and Briton Hadden, on hired typewriters in an abandoned brewery, put together the first dummy number of a magazine to be called *Time*. To-day it sells nearly a million copies a week.

In 1934 Roy Larsen, *Time's* circulation manager, and John D. Martin, its managing editor, met de Rochemont. The result was the *March of Time*. For a year or two it lost heavily, but the magazine could stand the strain. From the first the directors showed remarkable organising ability combined with flair for news; and their cameramen don't know the meaning of defeat. Determined to get a shot of "Monsieur de Paris"—Papa Deibler, the executioner—one of them waited all day in a restaurant across the street to snap the shy old gentleman as he cautiously opened a window. To complete a sequence on the international munition-makers, another dressed as a fruit pedlar, hid his camera under a bunch of bananas, and trundled the cart up to within a few feet of Sir Basil Zaharoff as he sat in his chair on Monte Carlo railway station. When Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, *March of Time* cameramen, though ordinarily less concerned with hot news than with newsreels, met his army near the border and "shot" the entry into Vienna. The same energy and persistence won a permit to enter the Maginot Line and stay there two months. It would be interesting to know how much Germany would have paid for the 40,000 ft. of film the cameramen exposed while making that particular number.

LIKE the excellent English *Point of View*, the *March of Time* tries to show both sides of controversial questions. At the same time, it has consistently exposed corruption, injustice, and the horrors of aggressive warfare. The fact that each issue is seen by an estimated public of 30,000,000 suggests that it is one of the most powerful influences on opinion in the world—and on the whole, a sane and healthy one, friendly to all we stand for.

"Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" *went to the Regal ten days ago, is Frank Capra's newest satire. It stars Jean Arthur, the girl of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," but her Mister this time is James Stewart. The film picks on politics, tells the story of a young man who gets sent to the U.S. Senate as a stop-gap, and how he stops it. Herewith the two of them. Reviewed here*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Revolutionary pedant: Frank Pettingell

"The Golden Cuckoo" (Duchess)

THE action of this new comedy by Denis Johnston arises out of a very nice point. An editor commissions a contributor to write an obituary notice of an eminent scientist who has been investigating the possibility of manufacturing horse manure, the price fixed being thirty shillings. The contributor writes the obituary notice, but it is not printed, the report of the scientist's death proving to be premature. Supported by a lawyer, a cabman, and a public lavatory attendant, the contributor turns up at the office demanding his thirty shillings. The editor explains that this would upset his pay-sheet, but offers, after much argument, to give the contributor a second job, for which he will pay two pounds, this price to cover all liabilities. The contributor is willing to do the second job for ten shillings, but insists on being paid thirty shillings for the first job on the spot, this having been the agreement. The editor refuses. And the contributor, followed by his henchmen, stumps out of the office, to launch a campaign for a new republic which shall be founded on principles of Justice, and of which he will himself be the president.

THE contributor is, of course, cuckoo, but twenty-two-carat cuckoo (vide title), having affinities with Don Quixote and King Lear and the White Knight. His garret is also the domicile of goats and poultry, and he washes up with a hose-pipe—which is, as a matter of fact, an excellent way of washing up, if you have the apparatus. When he speaks, which is most of the time, it is at great length, with much verbal flourish, and on eternal issues. Sometimes he is entertaining. But is he often as entertaining as he should be? Always he is odd. But is he ever exciting? Everything in this play depends on the quality of his utterances. He challenges the great figures of literature, puts up a brave fight, but ultimately sustains defeat, despite Mr. Frank Pettingell's valiant performance. Excellent though this performance is, I am not sure that Mr. Pettingell is really the man for the part. I am not sure that anybody in the company is the man for the part, with the exception of Miss Maire O'Neill, Miss Betty Chancellor and Mr. Brefni O'Rourke, who are all Irish. The craziness of the piece is essentially an Irish craziness. What are Mr. Howlett and Mr. Rigby and Mr. Lexy and Mr. Burt doing in this curragh? If the first performance in this country of *The Playboy of the Western World* had been given by an English company with English accents, would not the salt thereby have lost its savour? Should we immediately have hailed it as the masterpiece it is?

IF, however, the editor of *The Comet*—which sounds so much more like an Irish newspaper than an English one—was to be played by an Englishman, no one better than Mr. Charles Victor, who may be English, could possibly have been found. I say "may be" because the last time I saw Mr. Victor it was in the part of an Irishman, and I then thought he must be Irish. But from my limited experience of this remarkable actor, I am quite unable to determine what he is *in propriâ personâ* like.

Not, perhaps, a bad play, but so wild that it has no right to be so tame.

Children of the Revolution: Noel Howlett, Edward Rigby, Edward Lexy

Sketches by Rouson

Children of the Press: Betty Chancellor, Charles Victor

Gertrude Lawrence Stays in America

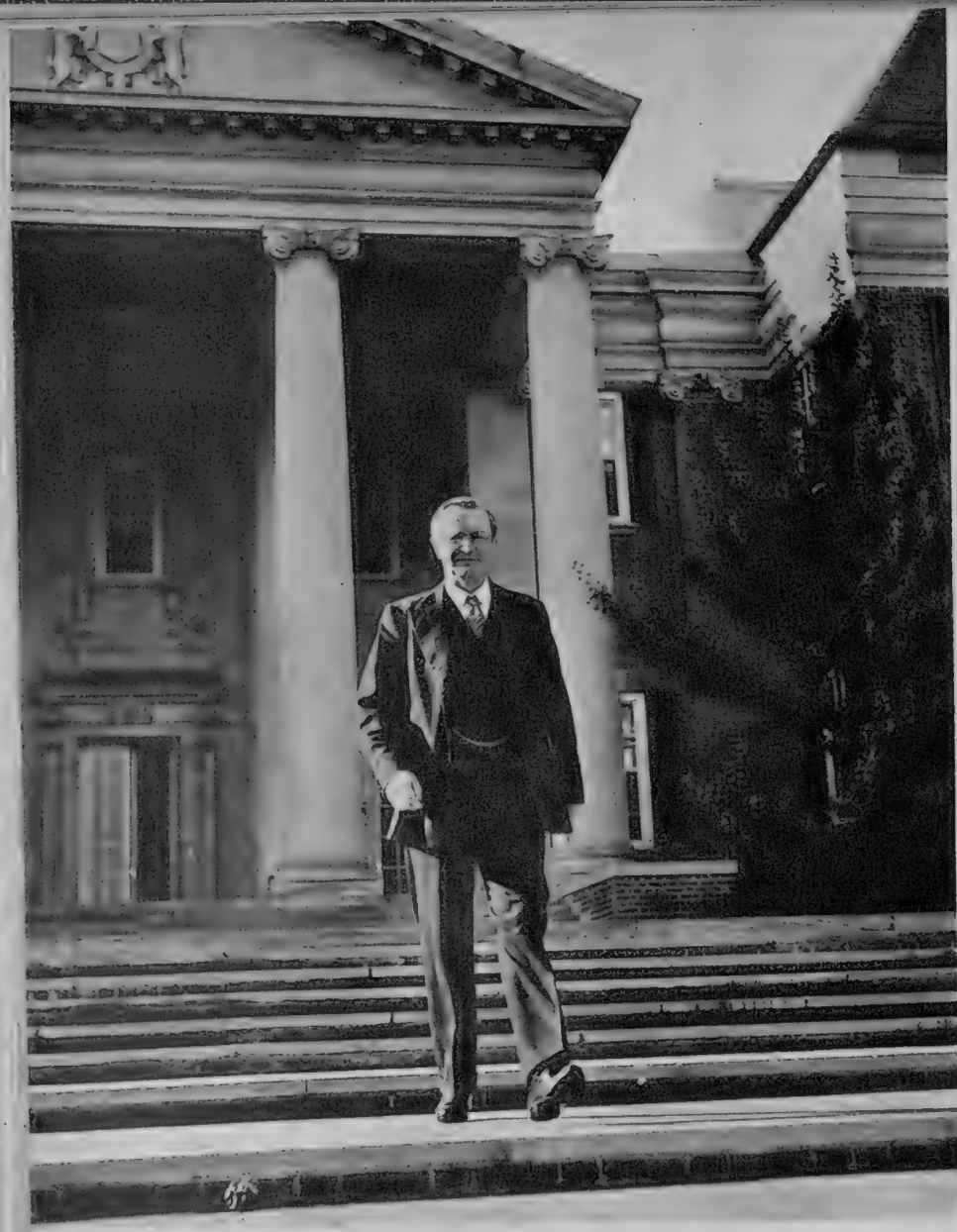
Her fourth year away from home finds her the star hit of an ordinary comedy

Gertrude Lawrence hasn't been on the London stage since she went across the Atlantic with Coward's symposium of playlets, *To-night at 8.30*, in October 1936. Most of the intervening time she has been acting in America: in October '37 she started her great run in *Susan and God* in New York, toured in it 1938-39. March of last year started her tour in *Skylark*, which has now come to New York and is packing the Morosco Theatre. The play, Samson Raphaelson's, is quite a good marital comedy, but what the people go to see, it appears, is the tricksy, polished playing of the South London girl who appeared first at ten at the Brixton Theatre. Gertrude Lawrence not only proves her husband's love at the final curtain (below, with Donald Cook), but proves the possibility of a personal success in the de-starred American theatre

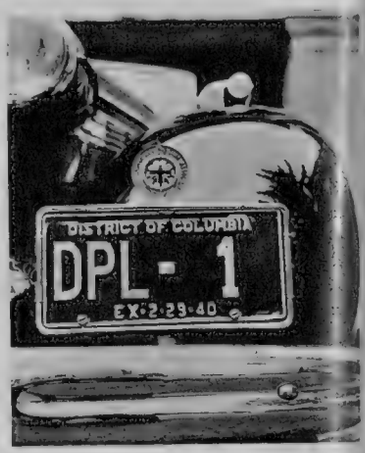
The British Ambassador to the United States

The Marquess of Lothian at Home in Washington

Philip Henry Kerr, eleventh Marquess of Lothian, became Ambassador in Washington just before war broke out, succeeding Sir Ronald Lindsay, who had held the post for nine years. He received a warm welcome from Americans as a known and understanding friend of their country. In their opinion, according to *The Times'* Washington correspondent, "there are few living Englishmen who have as wide a knowledge of the continental area of the United States as Lord Lothian, and none whose acquaintance with its people and places is more varied and intimate." The part he played in South African affairs after the Boer War, his work as Lloyd George's secretary at the Versailles Peace Conference, his interest in and knowledge of India, and his Liberal attitude to the great sub-continent's aspirations to Dominion status, his fourteen years' secretaryship of the Rhodes Trust, are aspects of his career understood and appreciated in the United States. He is a fine speaker, can explain Britain to America as effectively as Joseph Kennedy propounds America to us. So far he has given two important addresses, to the Pilgrims of the U.S. in November, to the Chicago Council two weeks ago. Comparison between these and Roosevelt's recent address to Congress shows the similarity of outlook of the representative of one English-speaking democracy and the President of the other. Lord Lothian inherited his titles and estates in 1930 from a cousin, is a Christian Scientist and unmarried. His heir-presumptive is another cousin, young Peter Kerr, son of the late Captain Andrew Kerr, R.N.



The garden entrance to the Embassy has a high pillared portico, surmounted by the Royal Arms. Down the wide, shallow steps comes the Ambassador



His car has diplomatic licence No. 1, and also carries the R.A.C. badge

Lord Lothian, at fifty-seven, is an energetic tennis player, was photographed on the Embassy court in the middle of a game with two Attachés

He took off his coat and sat down with a book in his bedroom, which, for the pleasure of its British inhabitants, has an open fireplace

The real founder of the American Commonwealth, says the Ambassador, is George III., who stands, in cascades of ermine, at the top of the main staircase, thinking dreamily perhaps of his lost colony

The Ambassador was good-humoured about being photographed, stopped beside a well-polished lantern, and the result is a fine characteristic study of this intellectual, cultured, idealistic Scot

The private living quarters of the Ambassador are part of the Embassy building which stands, in its beautifully-kept garden, in the diplomatic quarter of Washington. At home he owns Monteviot in Roxburghshire, the lovely Jacobean Blickling Hall in Norfolk, and about 28,000 acres

He is musical; with an absorbed face played chords on the grand piano, which is to him an important part of the Embassy furnishings

Margot Fonteyn

The Vic-Wells Ballerina in Two Ballets: "Horoscope," 1938, and "Giselle," 1841

*In "**Horoscope**" the strands of three balletic styles are woven together. The story is romantic, the influence of the symphonic ballets can be seen in the movements and grouping of the corps de ballet, the soloists' parts are good examples of the modern classical. Margot Fonteyn's dancing is beautifully smooth and fluid as the Young Girl (Sun in Virgo, Moon in Gemini). Here as in "Giselle" she has bettered her own good, achieving an even more delicate exactness in her pas, a warmer emotional expressiveness in the danced mime*

*In "**Giselle,**" oldest of ballets still fo*

The legend of the "snow-coloured Wilis who dance pitiles

It was exciting to see the Vic-Wells ballet company on their return to Sadler's Wells. After their long tour, and re-rehearsed by their director, Ninette de Valois, they have been giving brilliant performances. Most exciting of all it was to see their young ballerina, Margot Fonteyn, whose dancing, both technically and artistically, has reached a new high level. She is at once more brilliant and more expressive. This is, above all, apparent in "Giselle." She has always been pathetically moving as the young girl in love of the first Act, with her air of gentle innocent gaiety, her bewilderment when she is betrayed. In the climax of broken-hearted madness that follows, she now strikes a deeper, more agonised note, and in Act II. the beauty and control of her dancing come very near to the pure classical perfection which the part demands. Because of this subtle but unmistakable development in her powers, her Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Princess*—greatest ballerina role in the repertoire—was eagerly awaited last week

Photographs by Anthony

ormed, the heroine is a young peasant girl whose love is betrayed by a prince; she goes mad, dies, and joins the Wilis

affianced maidens who died before their wedding day, is a Slav one which reached the French creators of "Giselle" via the German poet, Heine

Animal A.R.P.

Pet Registration by Animal Guards is a Side Line of the National Air Raid Precautions for Animals Committee

Registration of domestic animals, illustrated here, is one side of the work of the N.A.R.P.A.C. More important is the organisation of the country into regions and districts under veterinary surgeons who would deal with wounded or terrified animals in the event of air raids. Animal Guards who have helped with the registration would be in attendance at A.R.P. posts to help with first aid, identification, and, if necessary, decontamination of hurt, strayed or gassed pets. So far the service is established mainly in evacuable areas, a few depots only having been opened in reception areas. Later, if money is available, the whole country may be covered by the service, protective clothing provided, and also pistols and ammunition for veterinary surgeons, who have the right to destroy horses, dogs, and cats on humane grounds

Cinders, *a cat resident at 8, Warrington Crescent, W.9, gets unexpected publicity as the registration voucher for its owner is filled in. Duplicate vouchers are in the N.A.R.P.A.C. files. In evacuable areas the animal register is as complete as possible*

Teddie St. Denis *signed her name on an enrolment form when she joined the Animal Guards, watched by Vera Lady Terrington, who is N.A.R.P.A.C. area organiser of London's West End. Recently Miss St. Denis went to France with "Me and My Girl," but caught a bad chill before she could make any B.E.F. appearances*

Patricia Davies, *the soprano, is another Animal Guard who shares her war work between London pets, like this patiently inquisitive Great Dane, and the troops in France. She has been a member of several E.N.S.A. concert parties*

London horses *are put on the register one by one. This pretty young Animal Guard filled up a voucher in a West End street while the driver fixed an identity disc to the bridle. Horse and driver deliver and advertise the goods of a famous firm of hatters who must now be delighted they did not give up real for mechanical horse-power*

Chimpanzees *who have been drawn into the range of civilisation's dangers have to carry a wartime identity-disc. This one was warmly dressed in coat, overall trousers and knitted socks. Animal Guards find themselves listing some strange pets during their house-to-house calls*

A famous cat registered by Teddie St. Denis was Bill, who appropriately received her identity disc under Nelson's scornful eye. Bill is the official Admiralty cat, her duty is to catch mice in the Binding Room, her pay is 1s. 6d. a week, recently raised from 1s. owing to increased cost of living. She is between eleven and twelve years old, and in spite of her name (the only one she will answer to) is the mother of about 100 kittens, many of them now owned by members of the Admiralty staff. The Admiralty permitted her picture to be taken in the main hall, in front of the original model of E. H. Bailey's Nelson Column statue

Photographs by Rodger

***The N.A.R.P.A. Committee** is composed of members of the veterinary profession and representatives of animal welfare societies, and is under the Home Office. This meeting, at the National Veterinary Medical Association's headquarters, was being addressed by Mr. E. C. Lloyd, of the Ministry of Agriculture*

***Mr. H. E. Dale** is the chairman of the N.A.R.P.A.C. He was Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries from 1927 until 1935 when he retired. Note the official booklet, "Wartime Aids for all Animal Owners"*

***Colonel Millingstone,** a member of the Registration Depot staff, turns up in the huge register the identity disc number of a lost animal about whom an Animal Guard is ringing up (see below)*

***How the Scheme works:** after an imaginary air raid a small boy finds a stray dog and hands it over to an Animal Guard, who is patrolling her area. She goes to a telephone booth, rings up the N.A.R.P.A.C. Registration Depot, and gives the number of the dog's identity disc. At the depot Colonel Millingstone (see above) turns up the number and gives her the corresponding name and address. The dog is then returned to the small daughters of its owner, Mrs. Thornton, of 106, Clarendon Road, W.11, by Animal Guard Patricia Davies, in whose area the owner lives*

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"And if the Colonel ever asks yer where the boiled 'am come from, remember, I found a pig what 'ad just committed suicide"

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

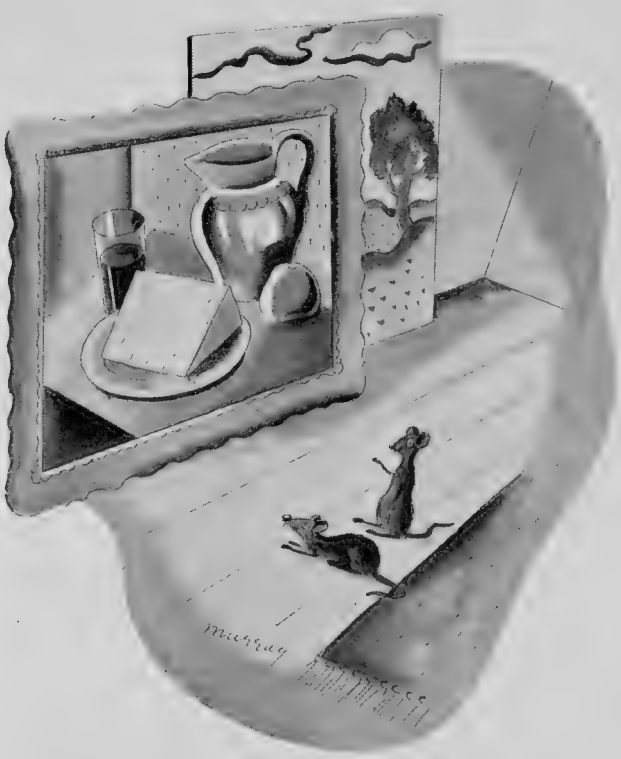
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SUNLIGHT shining through a pig's ear is one of the loveliest spectacles in Nature, a chap was seriously assuring us last week. He is one of those amateur swineherds who have already responded to the cry of the Ministry of Food, and you can hardly tear him away from his sties. At feeding-time, he says, the spectacle—not to mention the speechmaking—is a thousand times more entrancing than any Guildhall banquet or P.E.N. Club dinner, and the beauty and charm of very tiny pigs gambolling in their lovesome infancy tugs at his heart-strings so powerfully that it will cost him tears to have their throats cut at the appointed time. No doubt the same mingled emotions sway the Tottenham Dustmen's Pig Club, who were rightly given a pat on the back by Auntie *Times* the other day for organising and maintaining a herd of forty-two pigs on local waste land and collecting about 30 tons of food-scraps a week regularly from the Tottenham citizenry. The point about pigs at the moment is that unless you are somebody like P. G. Wodehouse's Lord Emsworth, pig-keeping on the ordinary scale is an expensive luxury, owing to the price of foodstuffs; whereas, as the experts point out, with proper organisation and the regular collection of refuse generally chucked in the dustbin, pig-keeping could, and should, as in Germany, become a national large-scale asset. "One million tons of good wholesome pig-food is wasted every year," says the M.P. for North Tottenham, "because nobody troubles to collect it."

May the new drive increase the social status of pigs (who are so snobbishly treated by the Island Race, who worship and pamper doggies which do not taste half as nice, even when baked in honey *à la chinoise*, and benefit the State in no degree whatsoever) is our cry. And may chaps who freely compare pigs' homely but virtuous pans with those of well-known City moguls learn a little discretion; a little discrimination; a little common decency.

Nitchevo

BROADWAY'S Public Wise Guy No. 1, Mr. Walter Winchell, certainly rang the bell the other day when he remarked that Joe Stalin's Blitzkrieg against Finland is beginning to look to him like a Five Year Plan. Such cracks are, we fear (said Old Uncle Cheeriboy, laughing fit to kill), just one more salt-rub into the wounds of Bloomsbury, whose odious inhabitants can hardly realise yet that the legend of the Glorious Red Army—remember all those menacing newsreel parades?—has dissolved into smoke and dust before their eyes. It may be that Honest Joe has not yet moved his best troops from where they keep watch on their well-loved German buddies night and day, but up to now the boy Winchell is evidently right. And one of the principal reasons for the Red Army's flop so far, as somebody soundly suggested last week, may be that Stalin's unfortunate serfs have nothing to inspire them. When they had God and Our Lady of Kazan and Holy Russia to fight for the Russians didn't do badly at times—against Napoleon, for instance; but if our native parlour-Bolsheviks really thought Marxism had had some miraculous effect on that old Oriental Temperament they must be bigger zanies than they look. Nothing can affect the Russian nature much, and well their best artists and intellectuals know it, from the great Pushkin down.



"I remember him doing that last July—it was an excellent piece of cheddar"

"I say, old man, weren't we at Eton together?"

Behind that terrific modern façade of steel and noise and poohbah we bet the Russia of Tchehov and Dostoievsky and Turgenev and Gogol and the other boys still flourishes unchanged. Those dreary old retired generals with dyed whiskers drinking tea in desolate little provincial towns and mumbling "My God, what people!" have simply changed their uniform. The same vague, endless, rambling, metaphysical discussions go on over the tea-glasses; the same fitful bursts of extreme high spirits alternating with morbid melancholy; the same vivacious, childlike charm and kindly frankness, mixed with flashes of child-like stupidity and cruelty; sometimes the same deep mystical piety, for by all accounts—another whack for Bloomsbury—that has not been stamped out either. Certainly there is the same old traditional inefficiency and corruption in high places, as the Finnish campaign already reveals. Bad luck, Charlotte Street! Oh, stinking luck, Bedford Square!

An impartial (more or less) American who was in Russia a little time ago confirmed these impressions for us completely. Social upper-class life in Moscow, he said, was exactly like stepping back into a chapter of Dostoievsky, except that on his return to his flat after a party he would sometimes find a little note from the Ogpu under his pillow, unsigned, saying: "*Next time you talk, watch your step.*" And when he left Russia they warned him smoothly not to criticise the régime at any time in writing, "or otherwise we might not remain friends."

Truce

"THE 'Artists' have come out and the 'British' remain," gloated Slogger Whistler with devilish glee after he had bust up the Royal Society of British Artists. The cantankerous Slogger's views on the current United Artists' Exhibition at Burlington House would be interesting, if printable, we thought, seeing that all the "rebels"—including the New English Art Club, who have been pulling a snook at Old Aunt Academy since 1885—are now exhibiting at the R.A., mollified and *recueillis*, their

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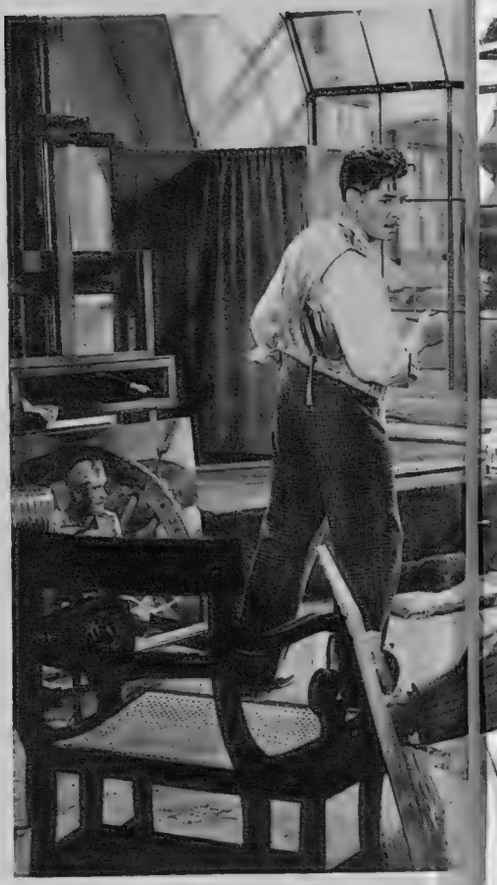
*1. **War correspondents** in the Sudan are Torpenhow and Dick Heldar, the former a writer, the latter an artist. In an action with "fuzzy-wuzzies" Dick gets a slash over the right eye from a savage who breaks through the British lines*



*2. **Back in London,** Torpenhow calls on his scarred colleague, finds him set up in an attic studio painting pot-boilers for papers*

"The Light That Failed"

The Third Film of Kipling's Novel Comes to the Plaza

Rudyard Kipling's novel, *The Light That Failed*, has been filmed twice before, but in such early days (1916, 1923) that the new version of it by Paramount is the first one to claim serious attention. Further, Paramount have decided on the unhappy ending which Kipling first wrote but was persuaded by his editor to change, a change upheld by both earlier film versions. Now, at the Plaza, Ronald Colman as Dick Heldar rides off to death in a desert battle at the film's end. Other actors in these pictures are Walter Hudd (Torpenhow), Ida Lupino (Bessie), Muriel Angelus (Maisie)

*4. **Bessie** dislikes Dick, sits only because of the pay. Dick goads her in one scene into hysterical laughter for the sake of catching her wild expression*

*5. **This is the result,** a portrait which Dick knows to be his masterpiece and into which he tries to put all the sense of primitive grief from the gutter*

*6. **But his old wound** is undermining his optic nerves and he realises that before long he will be blind. On the strength of this discovery he gets roaring drunk*

3. One night *Torpenhow brings a Cockney guttersnipe called Bessie up to Dick's room; he had found her fainted from hunger on the doorstep. Dick points out the typical qualities of her face, decides to paint her*

7. When he comes to, *it has happened—he cannot see*

8. His sweetheart, *Maisie, visits him in his blindness*

9. But Bessie *meanwhile has ruined Dick's masterpiece by daubing it with paint while still wet. In despair, he goes off to the Sudan wars again, is led galloping to his death, like the "Ich Dien" King of Bohemia. Previous versions gave him back his sight and happiness in his sweetheart's arms [compare Colman's period boots here with his modern shoes in No. 1]*

The Ballet in Wartime

A National Asset

By Arnold L. Haskell

In the past, ballet has survived many wars. It was cradled at the court of a warrior king, who even made use of it on at least one occasion for purposes of politics and propaganda. It is certainly the most direct form of artistic propaganda that can be devised. Our enemies lost and we gained something of considerable value when Kurt Jooss left Germany to settle in our midst.

These notions are relevant and topical; they could be developed at length, but they take me away from my account of the ballet in wartime, though this article is the review of an attitude and not a detailed account of productions.

The Russians, once more under the strong guidance of Colonel de Basil, have now opened in Australia. There have been certain changes but, if anything, the company is even stronger than previously. Toumanova replaces Baronova, seduced by Hollywood, Serge Lifar takes Dolin's place, and that brilliant youngster Stepanova, whose education de Basil has been supervising for the past five years, is at last old enough to take her place in the company. If—a big if—she fulfils her great promise, she will take her place with de Basil's brightest stars.

It is very naturally our own ballet that interests us the most at this moment. Artistic patriotism is not out of place in this case. We have the goods and there is no need to goebbelise a weak case.

Sadler's Wells is now in its own home after a long and successful provincial tour, an experience which has done nothing but good to the company as a team. I saw them in places and was impressed by the temporary orchestra substitute of Hilda Gaunt and Constant Lambert on two pianos. Lambert's penny-whistle soli in *The Rake's Progress* were grandly impressive. It always amazes me how pampered orchestras have become; also, I think, how short-sighted. From where I am writing at the moment the existence of the whole orchestra is threatened by the refusal to play four hours more a week. At the outbreak of war the dancers took a risk—more than one refused some very lucrative offers — and were rewarded by a full salary on all but two occasions. Their patriotic outlook kept alive a really valuable organisation.

I believe that the Wells is a complete refutation of the absurd Nazi claim that this country is not creative. I would be happy to hear that it was touring the neutral countries. At the moment any interruption in its existence would mean the end. There will be difficulties, especially in the case of the men. The perfection that Ninette de Valois demands may not be possible in the near future, but the main thing is to continue—to continue with the aim of appearing at the gala which is sure to be a feature of the victory celebrations. That is an aim.

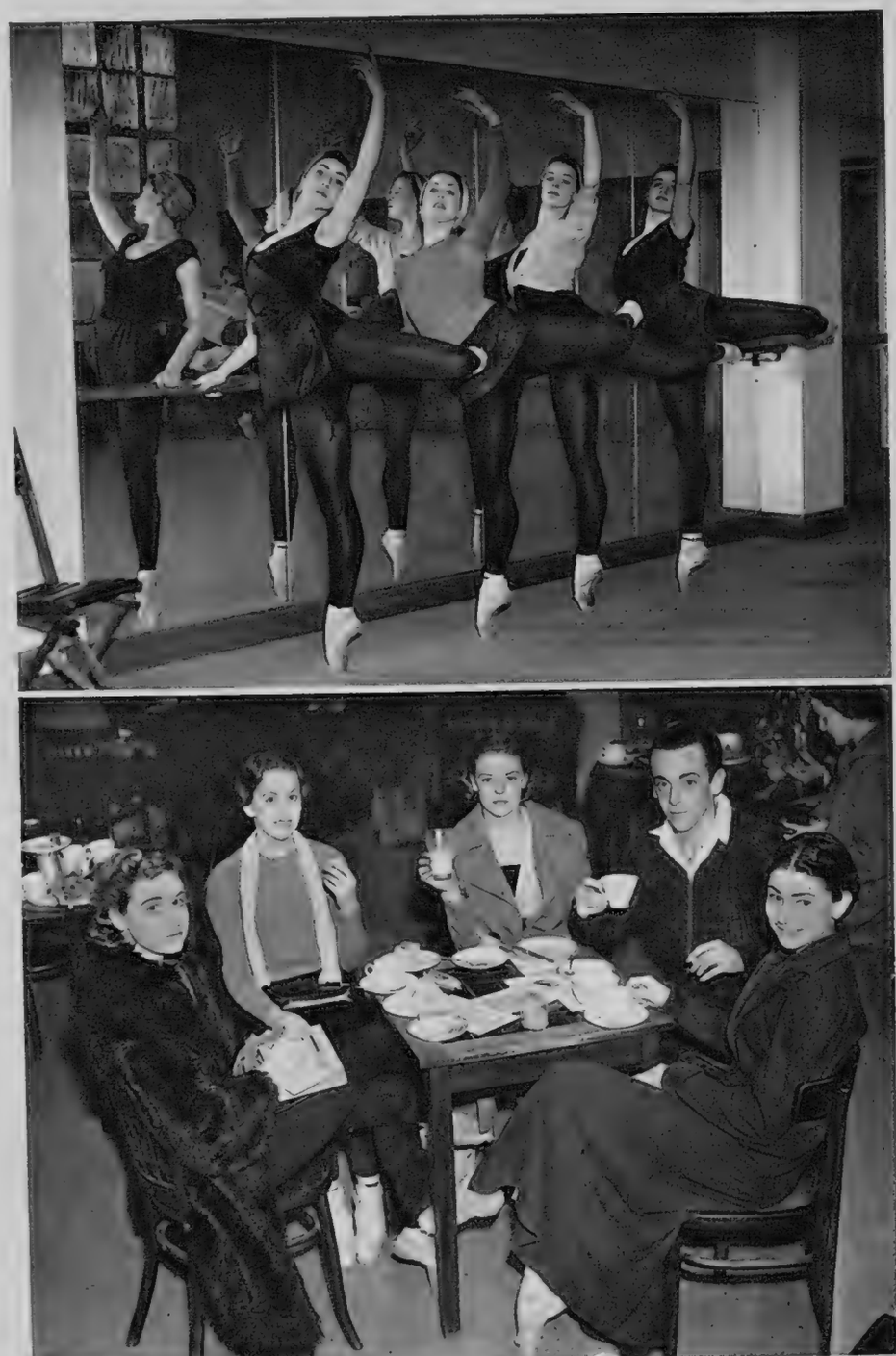
Marie Rambert, a great pioneer, has been giving a season in which the "high spot" is Andrée Howard's little gem, *Lady Into Fox*. No one should miss this genuinely inspired work nor the dancing of the Lady-Fox, Sally Gilmour, who fits the role like a glove.

Yet another Marie Rambert pupil and discovery, Antony Tudor, has a company running—in his absence—at the Arts Theatre, which Mr. Harold Rubin has taken over as a centre for dance enthusiasts and with the aim of starting archives and a museum. His plan was developed sometime before the war and he shows both pluck and foresight in developing it. We have long needed an organisation that can parallel the fine work performed by Les Archives Internationales de la Danse in Paris.

The news that the Ballet Club and the New Arts Theatre have amalgamated, while each will retain its artistic integrity, is especially welcome. Small organisations, like small countries, can work most effectively in unison.

Ballet needs the small-theatre movement. Out of it has come Frederick Ashton and its brightest ornament is Andrée Howard, whose *Lady Into Fox* I have mentioned, and whose *Death and the Maiden*, also revived, is a little masterpiece in its moving simplicity, especially when danced by Andrée Howard herself. Now the small theatre is developing a comparative newcomer in Frank Staff, and Mr. Rubin's movement gives opportunities to Keith Lester. All of which will eventually enrich the main stream of ballet. The Russians have no such laboratory,

(*Concluded on page* iv)



At Sadler's Wells: a Class and a Light Lunch

At the top, the four principal danseuses of the Vic-Wells company en attitude at the bar—Margot Fonteyn, Mary Honer, Pamela May, June Brae. Below, the same quartet, plus Robert Helpmann, Australian first dancer, having a snack meal at another bar in the theatre. The big event of last week at the Wells was "The Sleeping Princess." To put this great ballet, for which many students and extras are added to the company, into the wartime repertoire is a tremendous achievement for the whole organisation. Such an achievement not only deserves the present support of the London public but, in the opinion of many, official support and encouragement for the company's future

People in America

English: *Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh went to Atlanta for the world premiere of "Gone With the Wind," were snapped at Newark Airport as they flew north again. They have announced their intention of marrying as soon as possible—i.e., when divorce formalities are complete. His wife was actress Jill Esmond, her husband Herbert Leigh Holman. She won the part of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind" over the heads of a dozen aspiring American stars*

Diplomatic: *James A. R. Cromwell has been appointed U.S. Minister to Canada in the recent American diplomatic reshuffle. Here he is with his wife, the former Doris Duke, tobacco heiress. He is himself a partner in the House of Morgan. His appointment, which the Senate had to confirm with a batch of others, means the Cromwells will have less time to spend at Shangri-La, their country home on a millionaire's scale in Hawaii*

Café Society: *Joan Bennett, making a Christmas and New Year trip to New York, did a round of night haunts, including the Monte Carlo (here) and the Sert Room at the Waldorf-Astoria with "Woolie" Donohue. Christened Woolworth, he is the five-and-ten-cent-store heir. Note Miss Bennett's dark hair: she is now a brunette for film purposes*

Premiere: *columnist Walter Winchell and daughter Walda were in the celebrity audience at the Capitol for the New York premiere of "Gone With the Wind." That is, one New York premiere, since this cinematic sensation was simultaneously presented at the Astor. For both theatres ticket-selling set a new record, the New Year's Day performance being sold out a few hours after the box-office opened a month before*

International: *the Finnish Minister in Washington, Hjalmar J. Procope, handed the usual monthly cheque for 234,693 dollars to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, in payment of Finland's December debt instalment. But the Treasury held this in reserve until the Bills authorising financial and other aid for Finland and a remission of debt payments were introduced at the new Session of Congress. Meantime Mr. Hoover's Finnish Relief Fund had sent 500,000 dollars to Finland up to last week*

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Stileman — Garrick

Peter Learmouth Stileman, Queen's Royal Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Stileman, of 12, Wythburn Court, W.1, and Bombay, and Rhoda Elizabeth Christian Garrick, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. George Garrick, of Little Denshott, Leigh, Surrey, were married at St. Michael's, Betchworth

Henderson — Hawkin

At St. John's Presbyterian Church, Kensington, Ronald Syme Henderson, Gordon Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Syme Henderson, of 22, Manor Place, Edinburgh, married Vreda Barbara Dix Hawkin, daughter of the late R. Crawford Hawkin, and Mrs. Hawkin, of 28, Gunterstone Road, W.14

Heycock — Warren

Philip John Hippesley Heycock, elder son of H. C. H. Heycock, of East Norton Hall, Leicestershire, and the late Mrs. Heycock, and Linnet Monica Warren, daughter of Captain Guy L. Warren, R.N., and Mrs. Warren (now at St. Vincent House, Gosport, Hants.), were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Brocklehurst — Neilson

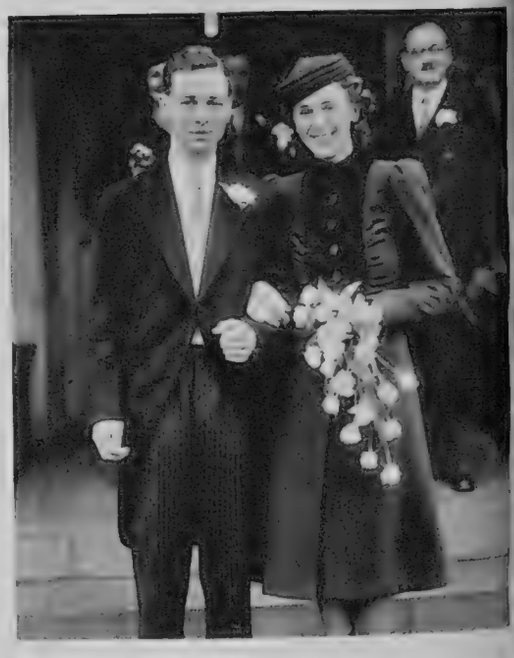
William Raymond Brocklehurst, younger son of the late Captain Brocklehurst, and Mrs. Brocklehurst, of the Hermitage, Canon Pynon, Herefordshire, and Janet Neilson, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. G. M. Neilson, of Eastridge, Cowfold, Sussex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Malan — Harris

Edward Murray de Mérindol Malan and Audrey Harris were married at St. Margaret's, West Hoathley. He is the only son of Walter de Mérindol Malan, and the late Mrs. Malan, and she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Harris, of 47, Phillimore Gardens, W., and Moatlands, East Grinstead, Sussex

Dixon — Hollingsworth

Gordon H. Dixon, Grenadier Guards, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dixon, of Hodsock Priory, near Worksop, Notts., and Elizabeth Marion Hollingsworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hollingsworth, of Gorsewood, Hook Heath, Woking, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Worplesdon



Hindmarsh — Ayre

John Lisle Hindmarsh, son of the late James Hindmarsh, and Mrs. Hindmarsh, of Brendon, Heath Park Avenue, Cardiff, and Elizabeth Mary Ayre, daughter of Sir Amos and Lady Ayre, of Chinnery Way, Woldingham, Surrey, were married at St. Paul's, Woldingham. Her father has been Director of Shipbuilding and Repairs at the Ministry of Shipping since October

Lenare

Mrs. D. H. R. Martin

Ann Haswell Coats, only daughter of the late Ernest Coats, of Sundrum, Ayrshire, and Mrs. Coats, of 9, Hertford Street, W.1, was married on December 20th at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Dennis Hemmant Rolleston Martin, Royal Artillery, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martin, of Hendra, Sevenoaks, Kent

Palmer — Crerar

A Canadian wedding was that of Hamilton Z. Palmer, Royal Canadian Artillery, and Peggy Crerar, only daughter of Brigadier H. D. G. Crerar, Chief of Staff at the Canadian Military H.Q. in England, and Mrs. Crerar, at St. George's Garrison Church, Aldershot. Mr. Palmer is the son of the late Col. A. Z. Palmer, and Mrs. Palmer, of Ottawa

Catherine Bell

Marion Gutmann

Is engaged to Lieut. J. Colin McFadyean, R.N., only son of Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean, of 21, Cavendish Close, N.W.8. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gutmann, of 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

Lenare

The Hon. Betty Shore

Is engaged to Charles John Patrick Barnwell, Somerset Light Infantry, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Lowry Barnwell, of Hinton St. George, Somerset. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Teignmouth, of Mount Elton, Clevedon, Somerset, and Brownsbarn, Co. Kilkenny

Lenare

Sheila MacNamara

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacNamara, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1. She is engaged to Luke Meinertzhagen, second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Meinertzhagen, of 1, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.8, and Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk

Lenare

Joan Aileen Wintour

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Evelyn Wintour, of Shrublands, Sunningdale, Berks. She announced her engagement to Dennis Cawley Milner, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Dennis Milner, of the Tudor Cottage, Sunningdale

George Cavendish Maxwell, Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Wellwood Maxwell, of Sudborough Manor, near Kettering, Northants. His fiancée, Peggy Bishop, is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. C. Bishop, and Mrs. Archie Savory, of 37, Smith St., S.W.3

Lenare

Peggy Bishop and George Maxwell

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Civil Commotion

By V. S. Pritchett

HERE are two books about the English Civil War, and which followed the war into two very different kinds of family life. Miss Phyllis Bentley's Yorkshire weavers in *Take Courage* (Gollancz; 9*s.* 6*d.*) had no use for King Charles's Court, nor for his Popish French wife, who is the subject of Miss MacKay's *Little Madam* (Bell; 15*s.*). And the delicate eyebrows of Henrietta Maria must often have been raised in dismay before what we call our "honest bluntness," but which is generally plain and stupid lack of imagination.

Take Courage is Peninah Clarkson's life story. The daughter of a religiously minded weaver in Bradford, she is torn between marrying a dour, parsimonious and honest Puritan (everything that goes against cloth is wicked!) and an irresponsible young cavalier. One sees the growing war of religions smash up family life in Bradford; and after Peninah's cavalier and her husband skirmish with each other, one from the church steeple and the other from the market-place, with fatal results, the stage broadens to hold Fairfax and Marston Moor. But for the rather Christmas-cardy gloom of her manner and a very conventional handling of the issues at stake, Miss Bentley has done a copious novel very readably. She brings the war home to family life in many excellent touches. The child hiding Fairfax's boots from the raiders, the other child who is obligingly sick when the sentry is about to ask questions—you can't have enough of that in historical fiction. The fanatic who has a text shaved into his cropped head is good, too. (The Communists did that in Spain.) And Peninah, though a plain little piece of Yorkshire pudding, is a genuine character, rather pleasing in her stupidity and sweetness. How happy we could have been, Peninah says, if only the war and the King had not happened! She is a simple moralist, quite unaware that she is living through a social revolution. There are a lot of Peninahs about nowadays who see the world's rulers divided neatly into the wicked and the good.

AS a Frenchwoman and a Papist, Henrietta Maria was in a far more difficult situation than all the Peninahs who ever existed, when she came to the English Court. Fanatical Protestants and fanatical Catholics had the excitement of their quarrels; Henrietta Maria had the far less exciting and much more exacting job of keeping both sides satisfied. Ordinary life can only be lived with the aid of sweet duplicity. Henrietta was fifteen when she arrived in England, and experienced that series of affronts which we love to offer foreigners. Not only was she not met at Dover, but, brought up in a strict and sophisticated court, she was taken through Kent, on what seemed to her to be a tour of all the decaying flower-shows of rural England. The English appeared to conduct their social life in paddocks. She was also disillusioned in Charles. Painters and imagination have always made Charles I. seem a tall and graceful man. Actually he was a short, undersized creature, deformed at the knees. He stammered. Henrietta, who had seen only a handsome portrait miniature, was shocked. If only the English middle-classes had known it, Miss MacKay says, they had in Charles I. the perfect mediocrity, a man unable to make up his mind about anything except his tedious divinity. One sees resemblances between him and the disastrous Spanish Philip II., another prince of vacillation with the mind of a solicitor's clerk. How miscast was the dull little man for the role of Royal Martyr! To this stupid, hesitant, obstinate nature of Charles, Henrietta opposed a spirited, decided, combative, frivolous and hard-headed character. She had, especially, a French eye for money; the way she announced, when staying with Lady Strickland, that she would take *all* Lady Strickland's silver plate for the Royalist cause and leave her ladyship a portrait as a reward! If Charles could not make up his mind, Henrietta Maria had no doubts. The absurd irony is that the English middle-classes thought of the Stuart Court as profligate and licentious; when, in fact, courtiers were writing home to say how bored they were by the extreme domesticity of the King and Queen. What the Puritans hated was the King's interest in the arts, particularly the stage and painting. One sees a similar thing in Communist philistinism to-day. Indeed, if you want to imagine an English revolution, think what amenities would survive the combined aspirations of West Riding Yorkshire and the Lowland Scots!

AND now for a civil war we have all seen. Mr. T. C. Worsley is one of those many intellectuals who felt impelled to work for the Left cause in Spain. He eventually drove an ambulance of the Blood Transfusion Unit, and was the first foreign eye-witness of that appalling flight of the civil population from Malaga. His book is not only an admirable account of that retreat; it is also an extraordinarily complete and novel-like portrait of the two incredible American adventurers who ran the Unit. A solemn Laurel and Hardy turn, sententious, tough and yet with a shrewd eye for No. 1, these Americans pursued their half-baked arguments across the Spanish countryside; and at the point when Mr. Worsley would feel he could stand them no longer, they would suddenly turn to and do marvellous medical work. Mr. Worsley's is undoubtedly one of the really good narratives of the Spanish Civil War, such as are beginning to appear now the propaganda is dying down. *Behind the Battle* (Robert Hale; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is both very funny and very moving. It incidentally has a real sense of what life feels like for our generation.

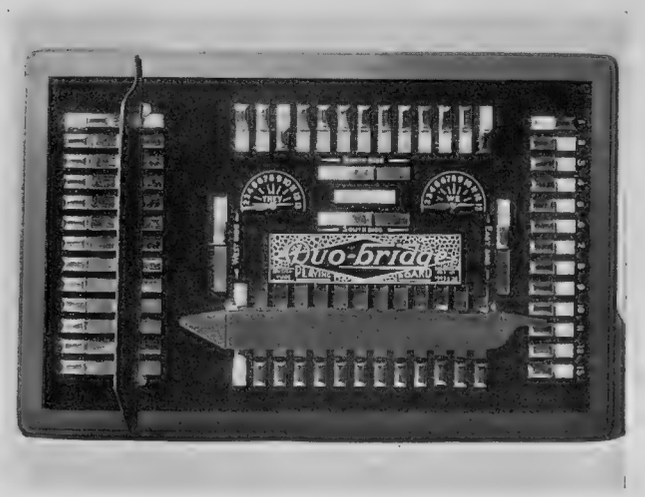
RECOMMENDED for the Library List:
Before Lunch. Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s.* 6*d.*)
The Boon Companions. Hugh McGraw. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*)
The Hollow Mountain. Alec Brown. (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*)
The Romantics. Elizabeth Bibesco. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*)
John Innocent at Oxford. Richard Buckle. (Chatto and Windus; 5*s.*)

***Mary Borden,** in private life Mrs. E. L. Spears, wife of the Member of Parliament for Carlisle, left London this month with a hospital unit which will be attached to a motorised French corps. The Chicagan authoress will be repeating an experience of the last war, when she ran a field hospital for the French*

Suited for Spring

Steal a march on spring with this gaily striped crepe-de-Chine blouse, a perfect response to the first bright morning. It comes from Walpole, New Bond Street, and costs 39/6. If you are looking for a classic model to wear with a strictly tailored suit, they have a delightful short-sleeved blouse for 29/6, in "ribbed" crepe, which looks as if it were tucked all over. Colours this spring are to be gay and clear, in contrast to the dull tones of last autumn, so you can hardly have too many blouses

It is not too early to plan a spring suit, especially as during the next few weeks Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are tailoring suits to order at prices from ten guineas. The model on the right shows their classic tailoring, perhaps at its best, in a black town suit. Three pockets emphasise the line of the hips, and the small waist is marked by broad shoulders and wide revers. This suit costs twelve and a half guineas. The jewelled spray comes from the jewellery department



A more companionable successor to Autobridge has now appeared, called Duo-bridge. As its name implies, it is designed for two players, and provides a really exciting game without the trouble of making up a four. The hands have been chosen in such a way that the contract can very often be defeated by good defence, so your interest is held till the end of the game. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have the standard model for 21/-, with extra deal sheets at 2/6 a group

One suit can lead even more than a double life, if you have the kind of blouses that change its appearance completely. Go out in the morning in the striped one on the left above, but in the afternoon change into this charming crepe-de-Chine model trimmed with lace dyed to tone with it exactly. Walpole's have it for 49/6 in various pastel colours, and also in uncrushable spot voile, white, shell-pink, or hyacinth-blue

"Bystander" Short Story

The Understudy

By Dorothy Hyson

Illustration by Clark Fay

ONCE rehearsals were over and the play launched, Araminta did not over-exert herself before lunch. What she was apt to call her "early-morning risings" might have been termed with more accuracy "late sittings." She would remain in bed for at least an hour after waking, pecking at little pieces of raw fruit, which had been carefully peeled and quartered, and scanning the theatrical columns of various newspapers. She never read anything but theatrical columns, but always with an air of studying *The Times'* leader. Then she usually did her nails in bed and her telephoning. I never knew anyone who took so long on the telephone: she seemed to have some curious aversion to ringing off. I would often stroll into her rooms, at what seemed to me like hours after breakfast, and find her sitting up in bed telephoning, usually in a pink ostrich-feather dressing jacket.

In a way the dressing jacket was symbolic of Araminta's whole life. It was a "Marie Gould" which Fay Mannering had worn about three times in *Burning the Candle*. She had taken a dislike to it and Araminta, being her understudy, had bought it cheaply. I never remember seeing Araminta in anything that wasn't a model which she had somehow procured for quarter the price. And no matter when I saw her, even sitting up in bed like that, she never failed to give me the impression that here was the potential leading actress. I felt it in her; the turn of her head, the dramatic quality of her voice, the timing of her ordinary conversation, which invested the most trivial remarks with significance. I have heard people roaring with laughter at what she said, although it was not in the least witty.

There was nothing she liked more than an expensive restaurant; but she never chose anything but the most conventional dishes, usually cutlets and peas. Nevertheless, she gave a great impression of the gourmet. It was as though, tired of elaborate French cookery, she condescended for once to eat a simple English meal. And when she entered a restaurant it was the woman who was used to public acclaim. People invariably asked who she was. The marvel of it was that she had not got on already.

In the profession, of course, it was well known that no actress whom she had understudied had ever failed to turn up for a performance. In *Burning the Candle* Fay Mannering actually played for three nights in succession with a temperature of 102. Perhaps that was partly the reason why Araminta was seldom out of work. Very little is lost on managers, and it was significant that she was paid as much as twelve pounds a week when she understudied Silvia West in *General Release*. Everybody said immediately "Now, of course, she 's bound to get her chance"; but it was not so. For the first time in her career Silvia did not

have a row about her salary, did not have a nervous breakdown, or any kind of grievance about the "billing." In fact, she behaved perfectly all through the run. Nor was any of her cattiness directed against Araminta. People did not dare to be catty to Araminta: it would look too obviously like jealousy. So everybody took great pains to show everybody else how fond of Araminta they were. They were continually taking her about with them to smart places. There was no limit to their sympathy for her position. Hardly a woman over thirty in the profession was not heard to say at some time or other, "That kid really ought to be given a chance." Not that Araminta asked for sympathy: she had never once been known to grouse. That was what was so amazing about her. Here was the born actress, watching year after year going by, everything conspiring to prevent her getting on, and never so much as uttering a word in protest. Whenever she was offered the part of an understudy, she accepted it gratefully.

Meanwhile, she continued getting up late in the morning, dining in expensive restaurants and hobnobbing with the stars, as though it were only a question of time when she would become one in her own right. It used to pique my curiosity enormously. I was always asking whether she didn't long to put arsenic in the leading actress's tea; but she 'd only reply, "Silvia 's a lamb; I adore her," or "It would never do for poor Fay to get anything: she 's got so many dependents."

"But don't you want to get on?" I insisted. Then she would smile a smile, which I felt would be worth thousands to any manager, as if to say, "You poor sap! Naturally I want to get on, and I will, too. Don't ask stupid questions." Believe me, that smile said all of those things.

Her chance came, of course, in such a way that it seemed like a heaven-sent reward for her patience. She was offered a leading part by Alexander Perry in *Old Maids and New*. He had been scouring town for somebody to play Lorna; but it so happened that every well-known actress was either in something else, or had developed over-inflated ideas about salary after playing in films. One of his first thoughts was Araminta. I believe everybody was quite genuinely pleased to hear that it was signed and settled. She was to have three weeks rehearsal and four weeks out of town prior to coming into the West End. Perry put out a lot of advance publicity about his new discovery, with the result that there wasn't a single film company without its representative present on the first night. Perry was immensely pleased about that, as he was hoping for a substantial film sale of the play.

When Araminta made her first entrance you could have heard a pin drop. There was not even the sound of a critic arriving late. I was sitting in the stalls at the end of the second row. I looked along the line and noticed that everyone was leaning forward. She walked across the stage to the telephone and began to dial. Then she said, "Is that Kensington one-two-four-five? May I speak to Mr. Gordan, please?"

I knew at once—I think everyone in the theatre knew—she was hopeless. It was as though she was under a magnifying-glass and we could see her properly for the first time. Somehow, up on that stage, she could never have convinced people that she liked French cooking. One knew instinctively it would always be cutlets and peas. I looked anxiously for signs of nerves, but she seemed quite confident. My thoughts flashed back to the dressing jacket and the telephoning and all those mornings when she seemed to me like the grand actress. But I knew she was doomed beyond doubt when I heard somebody behind me mutter, "I shouldn't think this girl 's ever held a telephone in her life."

THE END.

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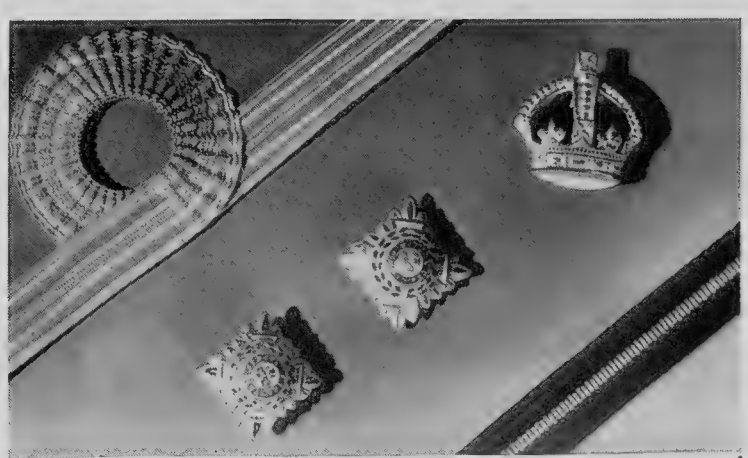

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Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

On a highway not far from New York you see, as you drive, a notice-board which tells you to turn on the radio and tune-in to 381 metres, or words to that effect. You do so, and for the next ten or twenty miles are warned by a ghostly nasal voice to slow down for crossings and road junctions or of forkings of the road and where they lead to. All very grateful and comforting, both for the stranger unacquainted with the road and also as a reminder for others—provided they will take the trouble to listen.

That may be a long way ahead. Still, we progress on the path of mechanical safety, even in wartime. From the makers of "Eva," the vehicle-actuated automatic traffic signals, I have an account of an interesting new system they have just installed on the Winchester by-pass. This road, which from planning to completion has occupied ten years and cost nearly £500,000, is in many ways the most up-to-date in England, for it has a "half-clover-leaf" junction at one point, a fly-over at another (both, I think, the first on arterial roads), and its central strip, moreover, has been planted by the Roads Beautifying Association. This last was largely to assuage the fears of Winchester College that the by-pass where it ran near their domain would be a blot on the landscape.

Where the by-pass crosses the road to Twyford the junction is guarded by traffic lights, and those on the by-pass are of a special pattern, designed to let the major road traffic through as far as possible without slowing down. Besides the normal detector-pads, 100 ft. distant from the corners, there is, on the by-pass on each side of the junction, a second pad 200 ft. away. In the absence of traffic all signals are at red, and a vehicle on the by-pass not only gets its "call" in sooner than one on the side road, but the lights are so set that it gets the green in time to allow it to cross the junction without slowing down, provided it is not going at too headlong a pace.

This "double-detection" system of signals, as it is called, is likely to be widely used after the war. It can be used to make drivers reduce speed at points where a fast, straight road becomes less "fast." The driver proceeding at 60 m.p.h. sees the red in good time; if he slows down to 40 or 30 he gets across on the green without pulling up. If he doesn't slow down, the red pulls him up.

Sir Charles Bressey told a good story the other day. He had never, he said, realised the full potentialities of the "expert witness" until he had ceased to be a servant of the State. Not long after his retirement upon the conclusion of his labours, the Greater London Highway Development Survey, he had been approached by a certain body. They were anxious to oppose a certain development scheme embodied in the survey, and so they invited Sir Charles, at a suitable fee, to appear on their behalf at the public enquiry and give "expert evidence" against the proposal. No one, they evidently felt, could give such telling evidence against the scheme as the man who had fathered it.

Sir Charles Bressey has had other experiences denied to the ordinary man. First he was plain Civil servant (if he will forgive that description of an exceptionally brilliant one); then, on his special job, he became an advocate of action and progress, which normally the Civil servant never is, except hedged about with conditions and cautions; lastly he is now a benevolent free-lance adviser, too keen on road development to be entirely detached but pleasantly untrammelled by red tape.

As a matter of fact, he has been energetically preaching foresight to the Ministry of Transport and all highway engineers. During the last war, he recalls, all the planning of future roads that was done was to draw two straight lines across a 25-inch survey map as an airy suggestion that they might do as routes for the future. That is the sort of attitude we have to guard against now. Practically all the trunk-road development schemes, of which £120,000,000 worth had been approved in theory by the summer of 1939, have been postponed indefinitely.

But, as Sir Charles reminds us with feeling, having had some in his time, there is nothing quite so long-drawn-out and time-wasting as the preliminaries of a road scheme. It quite normally takes two years to settle the route, get the plans approved, calm the jealousies of adjoining councils, and last but not least, acquire the land.

Unless we are entirely bereft of sense, says Sir Charles, the Ministry of Transport will seize the present opportunity to carry through these preliminaries in connection with several of the major approved schemes, so that work—actual work—may start on them at once after the war. Everybody knows that road work is to be the great stand-by for absorbing the unemployed when armament work stops. It will be just too bad if the armies of road-makers have to mark time for two years while the red-tape merchants play about with those "preliminaries."

The Ballet in Wartime (Continued)

At the Arts Theatre: Maude Lloyd and Frank Staff were photographed in Staff's new ballet, "The Seasons," to Glazounov's music, decor by William Chappell. This was given during the London Ballet's after-Christmas season at the Arts Theatre for which Frank Staff joined the company. Before Christmas another new work by Staff was produced by the Ballet Rambert, the competent, attractive and witty "Czernyana"

and choregraphy is their main handicap, in spite of the rich past upon which they can draw.

All this is of definite national value. Here is an art in which we clearly excel. It flourishes at the moment as never before. I would like to see it harnessed to our propaganda; I would like ballet-lovers to realise that it is not only a magnificent entertainment, but a national treasure. This is a point of view I have held since long before the war.

There has been yet more ballet in London, but though courage is always praiseworthy, it would be idle and also harmful to pretend that it was all on a high level. Some appearances are premature, and war must not make us relax our critical standards; they need tightening.

The most impressive thing I have seen for a long time has been the dancing of Ram Gopal and his company, Retna Mohini in particular. I do not pretend to understand Indian dancing. I know that I know nothing whatsoever about it. In this case such knowledge is not relevant. It is immediately obvious that Ram Gopal is a very considerable artist. He has all the attributes: personality, perfect control, magnificent physique, a grand simplicity in his relations to the audience. He has the greatest gift of all: he is able to people the stage with a fresco of dancing figures, a living Ajanta. His success in this country is particularly gratifying. In India the Indian dance has long been neglected. Its revival is a peaceful conquest that is well worth a struggle.

To sum up: ballet not only survives, it flourishes. It is proving to be a soothing entertainment, a stronghold of illusion, when reality can well be tempered by an occasional dose of illusion. Those of us—there are many—who look on ballet as something more than entertainment are also well satisfied. It now remains for the authorities to examine its potential value as propaganda.

A CORRECTION.

On page 380 of our issue of December 27 we published a picture of Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale rehearsing for their show *Come Out to Play*, at the King's, Hammersmith. We incorrectly stated that this was the new name of a previously announced show of theirs, *I Can Take It*. In fact, the latter show is now "in storage," and there is no connection between it and *Come Out to Play*. We regret this mistake.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The May Fair

Ambrose is back

WHEN you've said that both Ferraro and Ambrose are at the May Fair o' nights to welcome the reveller, you've about placed the May Fair where it belongs in any tabulation of London's attractions.

Thither, then, go the dancers, and the ladies fair, with their gallants two or three. Here come also the young wives and husbands with birthdays to be celebrated, and the wedding feasters, to every usher a bridesmaid. Here come the officers home on leave, and those weary of it all at their several Ministries. Here come the diplomats in their black hats, with their bejewelled companions. Here also come the hungry and the connoisseurs of food. For Ferraro knows their needs exactly, and can even conjure forth a square meal from a triangular ration coupon.

These come in the evenings for the music and the dancing and the food. These and others come for lunch, and others, again, and in great numbers, for tea. There used to be a small band playing at tea-time at the May Fair, but the crowds got so great that the band could not be heard, and now there is no band.

The May Fair is rapidly becoming the gathering-place and tamping-ground of the keener and nicer young Londoners. Go long one day to lunch, if you don't remember a May Fair lunch. You'll appreciate the differences that the last months have brought. And you'll also like finding yourself eating in daylight. They have arranged their black-out cunningly there, so that it comes forth only for the black-out hours.

Prunier's

Only the best

PROBABLY the regular Prunier-goer will be less conscious of official rationing, even in its later and severer forms, than, say, the patrons of a famous Roast-Beef-of-Old-England house in the Strand. For your oysters come to you unquestioned and unimpaired. Fish is far from being on the proscribed list, and Prunier's slogan, after all, is "tout ce qui vient de la mer."

And game is still very much on the menu. The Prunier technique with English game is a veritable entente cordiale. None but the most aristocratic quarry comes to the Prunier kitchens. Hares from Norfolk, snipe from Wales, woodcock from the Border, golden plover from heaven itself. Then, by the time Cadier has dealt with it, and Pierre has served it at your table, you will begin to realise where science ends and art begins.

Those great wines are waiting to go with the dishes of your fancy. And ceremony attends on both.

The Black-out Dinner, four generous courses for a mere 10/6, is a permanent success. And now Madame has given a kind answer to numerous wartime requests, and has opened for lunch on Sundays. One more tip: if you want to send succulencies to someone on service abroad, ask Pierre about Prunier's specialities.

The St. Regis

Cabaret Impromptus

CAT-LIKE in tread, and moving like a dancer, Dini will be forward to greet you as you step towards the St. Regis restaurant. I recommend that you have a parley with him in the cocktail lounge while you drink. Let him choose your meal and your wine. He has a mastery of both arts, and an excellent hold also on the quite separate complementary art of head-waiting. Dini is a real ambassador for the St. Regis; which, incidentally, has much more on offer than the finesse of a good maitre.

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Behind all the scenes is Captain Birley, the seeing eye and controlling hand of this whole St. Regis lay-out. Remember, it includes a fine block of apartments, too. In fact, the restaurant started as simply the restaurant for the residents. But now it has become public knowledge, and the world comes to call and stays to watch the floor-show, and dance, perhaps.

Those floor-shows are getting a name, and rightly, for their efficiency of spontaneity, if you can work that one out. First you 'll get the Crazy Gang popping up and falling down. Then some other headliner will be at the mike, and it has the atmosphere of cheer as if all these people were just here for supper anyway, and felt like putting on a show. For all I know, that may be true, at that. Needn't change for dancing.

Jules Restaurant, Jermyn Street

Regency atmosphere

THE site and structure of the Jules is historic. Isaac Newton, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and now the hotel itself, which has been a place of character in London in our times. It is the same Jules to-day, with Mac himself still at the reception desk, the same quietness and respectability that has made it a rendezvous in town for so many of the great families of the country. Recently, though, it has passed into completely new management, and I have seen the changes they have made, and know their plans for the future. All of which will delight the regular patron as much as the newcomer who has been looking for something in the line for years.

The restaurant has been re-done completely. Barbara Jones has given it some most attractive Regency murals. The colour-scheme is harmonic and smart. The prices are low, and the food is excellent, under the care of de Mangeon, the chef, and Gavardi, the headwaiter from Claridges. Maurice and his band, from the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, provide music every evening, and for a mere 5/- you can drop in there, feed excellently, and dance with pleasure. You don't have to change.

A good new speciality of the house is their Sunday morning cocktail hour, with hot plates of whatnots and thingummies from the kitchens. Please go and see the new Jules. Highly recommended

Hatchett's in Swingtime

Hatchett's

COCKTAIL HOUR at Hatchett's is from 5.30 to 7 and Arthur Young's Band is there to play for your dancing. I think that 's rather pleasant and generous of what is, after all, not a large restaurant : viz., to throw in dancing and an expensive band with cocktails. But Hatchett's is a bit like that always.

Of course, by the time that dinner is over and the theatre-goers go and the dancers come, the place is more of a maelstrom, and these little favours for the quiet (comparatively) few are not possible universally. Out comes Arthur Young again, and his boys, and Stephane Grappelly (ex Hot Club de Paris). Up pops a guest artist or two, and the evening 's on. People do sit down for the guest artist, and they always encore her. But when Arthur Young starts off on his own again, there is a rush for the floor. It is something in swing music that London is making a beaten track to. What with that astounding piano-instrument that Arthur Young himself plays, with all the stops and gadgets of an organ, and electrically amplified into the bargain, you 'll be dancing to a band that is a band.

It would be worth it if the food was only so-so. But it is not. It is consistently some of the best food you 'll meet in London's West End, and Boscasso has the whole thing well in hand. I feel that he is the man to go and talk to about your rationing troubles, too. I 've never known anyone go hungry from Hatchett's.

Lunch, cocktails, dinner and dancing. Those are the offerings of Hatchett's, a restaurant that has weathered four or five major wars, and is particularly the favourite of warriors.

La Coquille

A bit of old France

A REALLY French restaurant in St. Martin's Lane? How French? Well, let 's put it this way. When you step through the doors from the street, your nostrils tell you delightedly that the last time they got around this kind of thing was in France.

Then look at the menu. You 'll notice that one or two vegetables are shamelessly offered as complete dishes, separate courses. Don't you remember your surprise at that when you first stayed with a French family? And the other signs are legion. The wines of the table, cheap, good, well-bred. The crusty bread. The profuse

way they have with shell-fish, almost as though they were brought in by the fishermen over there this morning. The proprietor, M. Pagès, in uniform now, if you are lucky enough to see him on the few visits he can manage. His is the guiding spirit, and has been from the beginning.

It is due to his insistence on the importance of friendliness that prices are so pleasant. He has made a good team of the folk who have helped him start La Coquille, and he is reaping the reward now. More strength to him! La Coquille is a charming restaurant, with a load of good friends: artists, architects, authors, actors, army, and so on up to Z.

Oddenino's

Cheery Biry

LARGELY, I suppose, for the benefit of the many from Bohemia (best sense) and elsewhere who call it Oddy's and make it an evening meeting-place, the cabarets after theatre hours change week by week. Ronald Frankau 's just finished. Elsie Carlisle is there now, and Billy Milton follows. And so on, we hope, through the New Year.

It is such a pleasant, cheery place, Oddenino's. I discovered it first for lunch, and still remember a certain dish of "carottes au beurre" I had on that occasion in the Brasserie on the left as you get down the stairs.

The restaurant proper is across the lounge and cocktail bar from the Brasserie, and it is in the restaurant that you find the dancing and the entertainment hereinbefore referred to. Prices here are very fair. Nobody at Oddenino's wants you to feel that it is expensive, least of all Biry, the genial manager (slide, please). But remember that the food is always top class, and the service suave and swift, and you 'll have no cavils about the, say, 8/6 that has cost you to eat hugely and dance and listen to good entertainment for a good evening. No, you needn't dress. You 'll find a distinct alteration in your bill if you are in uniform.

When summer comes nearer, it will be occasion to sit for a morning glass of beer on the pavement outside Oddenino's, and bless their boulevardier spirit for that privilege.

The New Queen's

Thumbs up

IF the indefatigable Java has a favourite tune of his own that he longs to play as often as possible—the "Trees" or "Ave Maria" or "Kaiser Waltz" that most band-leaders have as their own specialities—he gets precious little chance to play it. Most of his offerings, in the evenings at least, are raucous request numbers, bespoken and probably vocally accompanied by one or another group of cheerful Service men and their maids. The Services pay the New Queen's as good a compliment as they know by coming to it in groups and leaving it with regret. I think they demand of Java pieces slightly less highbrow than he deserves. But Java is willing.

When I was having dinner there the other night, I had time to look round the room and give it a miniverish coup d'œil. Next to me were two smart ladies dining together, to be joined at coffee-time by two men kept late at their offices. Next to them was a young man in tails dining, with a daring bottle of hock, his sister, before going on to someone's dance. Or she may have been someone else's sister. They were very much alike, though. Further afield there were tablefuls of Army, Navy and Air Force, with and without feminine admixtures. Then three men talking business; various couples, and quite a number of solitaries, like myself.

I have nothing but praise, anyway, for a place where one can feed as comfortably with book as with gorgeous companionship. The New Queen's is like that. And, as you know by now, anyway, I have nothing but praise for it. I notice now, too, that they let you bring your coat in with you if you want. This is good, and a change from some months ago, when a cloakroom tip was inevitable, even if you stayed only ten minutes. EDAX.

La Coquille

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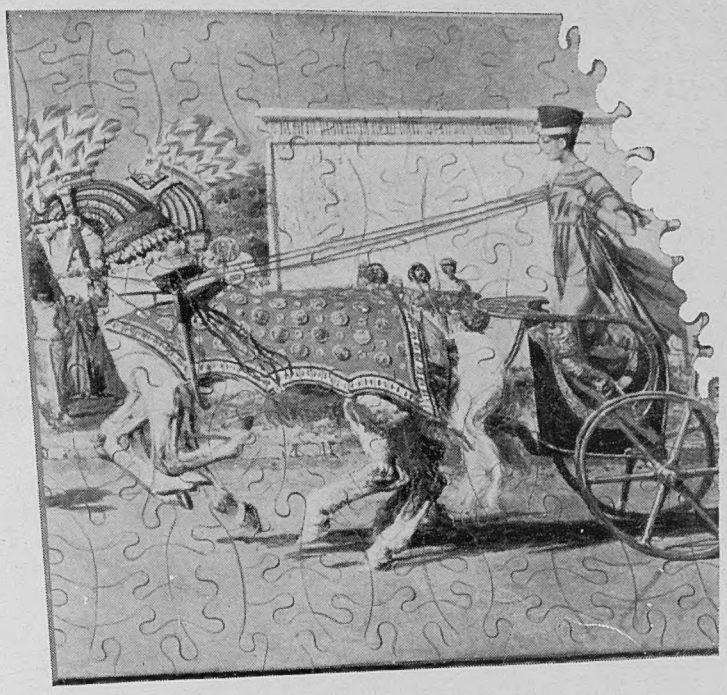

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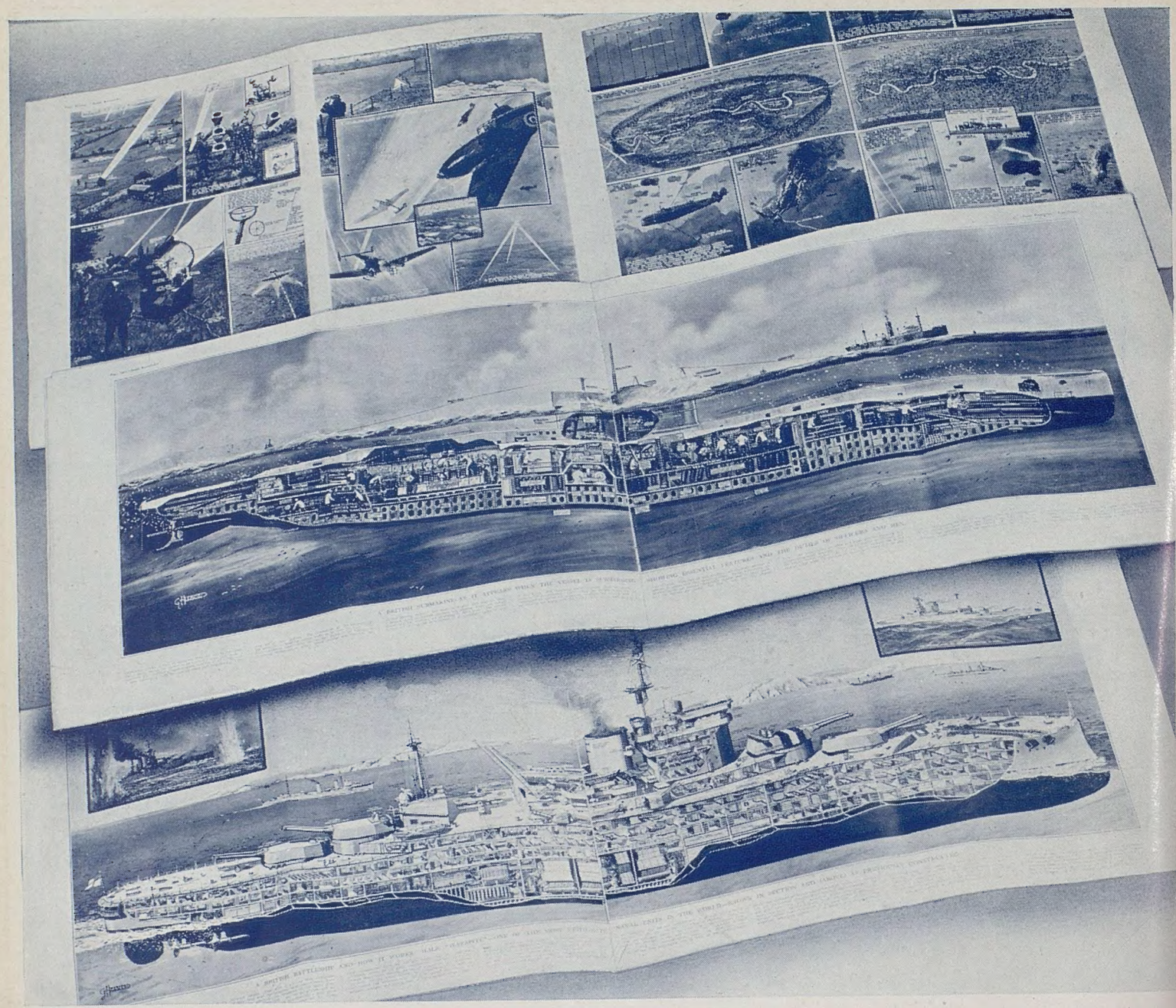

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